

Engl. Theatre vol 55

649
The EARL of MAR marr'd.

WITH THE
Humours of JOCKER,

THE

HIGHLANDER:

A

Tragi-Comical FARCE.

By Mr. PHILIPS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL, at the Dial and Bible, against
St Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. 1715.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mar.
Hamilton.
Gordon.
Tullibardin.
Mackintosh.
Earl Marthal.

Jonnee. }
Jemmy. } Mar's Tenants.
Jockey. }

Wizard.
Englishman.
Harry. }
Sauny. } Spies.
Peggy.
Scotch Parson.

*Several Lads and Lasses, Mob,
Soldiers and Attendants.*

E



Ente

Mar.

Resto
And
This
Oppr
Again
From
Benea
This
Happ



T H E
Earl of *M A R* marr'd.
A
Tragi-Comical F A R C E.

A C T I. Scene I.

Enter *Mar*, *Hamilton*, *Gordon*, *Mackintosh*, attended
with *Soldiers* and *Mob*.

Mar. **M**Y Fellow Soldiers, Countrymen and Friends,
This Day, the best that ever *Scotland* saw,
Restores your Rights and Privileges lost;
And gives you all your Ancestors enjoy'd.
This Day, a Title that has slept so long,
Oppress'd by Rebels and your Southern Foes,
Again shall flourish, and a King succeed
From Kings descended, of the *Stuarts* Line,
Beneath whose just Hereditary Sway,
This Ancient Kingdom lifted up her Head,
Happy at Home, and terrible Abroad.

A

Ham.

Ham. Well have you spoke the Purpose of our Coming,
Most Noble Lord: On you our Hopes depend,
To free us from a heavy servile Yoke.
And I, my Countrymen, in this just Cause,
Draw this good Sword, whose pointed Edge ne'er turn'd
From Foe in Battle; but with just Success,
Has crown'd its Master with unnumber'd Spoils.
'Tis true, I thought to leave the Trade of War,
And close the Remnant of my Days in Peace;
But when I heard my King, my Country call;
And heard this truly Noble Earl in Arms,
My Spirits catch'd a sudden Fire, my Youth
Return'd, and I resolv'd in Fight to fall
My Country's Sacrifice, or live her Friend,
And her Preserver.

1 *Mob.* Ken ye *Jonnee* wuth what muckle deal of Spreet
the General talks: He's a reeght Lad Ise warrant ye.
He'll stuff the Deel's Weam full of *Englishmen*, or else
Ise be as dead a Mon, as *Jenny* that hong in a Coord
fro killing her Bearne with an aud rusty Durk.

2 *Mob.* 'Sblead, ne Mon that goes on twa Legs, con
wark more Bonnily than the Laird *Mar*: O' me Saul
he'll seeght weel, and ne'er run awa, 'cause he'd be
shaum'd tul show his Back. But ken ye, *Mackentoss*, go
tul speak tul aw the Bonny Loons about us.

Mack. Now, Gentlemen, Prepare to meet your Joy,
With grateful Hearts; the Peers and Knights assembled
For *Scotland's* Good, this Day proclaim your King:
Now let the Trumpets sound in joyful Notes,
And the loud Drums with a redoubled Eccho,
To *James* the Eighth, our Just and Righful King.

Gor. Here: Where's the Provost, the City Companies
and Bands? This Day must be kept in solemn State, and
we must do our Office as we ought. Lord General (*turn-
ing to Mar*) it becomes you to see this perform'd with
all the Ensigns of Authority, that when our absent
King shall hear how well we have discharg'd this First
Part

Part of our Allegiance, he may entrust us farther, and give us the just Reward of all our Services.

3 *Mob.* Aw Gud! An that King *Georgee* wold, gin ye go tul play him Tricks, the Dee'l take me gin, Ise like your Sport a bit, but gin the Deel dreeve ye, ye mun gang, an gang ye may without poor *Sauny*.

1 *Mob.* What meen ye, *Sauny*; ye will nea bawk the geud Cause, an yea ken hal the Lairds in *Scotland*, an the Bonny Lads i'th' *Highlands* get ready for King *Jenny*: Wae *Sauny* thou'll hong i'the Gallow Tree, an aw your Bearns will be steav'd, gin ye clap not on your Headpiece, and follo the Laird *Mar*.

3 *Mob.* Nea, lat him gang by himsel and walcome: Ise budge Heam to *Jenny*, and gat me geud Meat and Drink, and mak Prayer with the geud Presbytery, fro King *Georgee* and his Famile, and all the poor Peupel in the Noorth.
[Exit *Sauny*.

Enter *Provost*.

Mar. So, Master *Provost*, are you come at last, You move but slow in such a glorious Cause: Here, read this Paper, and proclaim the King.

(*Provost takes the Paper and looks on it.*)

Prov. My Lord, I'd readily obey your Lordship in any thing; but I've proclaim'd King *George* already, and therefore can't in Conscience proclaim any other.

Ham. Conscience! Dost talk of Conscience Friend? Where hast thou learnt that damn'd Fanatic Cant, Fram'd to keep Fools and Blockheads still in Awe, And make the Slaves of Chance, the Slaves of Will? I tell thee all our Consciences have slept, These six and twenty Years, and now are rous'd From a long Lethargy. We now begin To find our Errors, and to seek our Cure: Then do thy Duty, Fool, and preach no more.

Prov. I don't know what Conscience you Generals and Lords have; but assure your self, that the same Conscience that has serv'd me these six and twenty Years (and I think it was awake all that while) shall serve me to the End of my Time.

Mar. Dispatch the Traytor! Quick, convey him hence, And let him fall the Victim of our Wrath. What is there none so Loyal of your Band, To do their Duty?

2 *Gent.* I'll read it.

3 *Gent.* I'll read it.

4 *Gent.* I'll read it.

Mar. Here, Friend, I make Thee *Provost*; For such Extent my full Commission bears.

2 *Gent.* (Takes the Proclamation and reads it.)

Whereas these Kingdoms has lain under great Oppressions these many Years, for want of an Hereditary Successor to the Throne of Scotland. We the Loyal People of the Highland-Clans, call'd by our Duty and Allegiance to JAMES VIII. do here own and acknowledge the said JAMES VIII. as our true and rightful Sovereign, and accordingly do here Proclaim him our King, according to the Ancient Usage of Scotland.

Mob. Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

1 *Mob.* Now gin King *Jemmy* come, we been aw itho Lairds for the Honor o' Scotland; an whan we be come an I to this grat Preferment, Ise crak the Crown of ony strang *English* Loon that don't call me Laird, and kufs the End albain an I o' my Dagger.

2 *Mob.* In geud troth Mon, an so wul I; for our Nation bin a varry aud Nation. Ise mak all Peupel ken, high, that the Fameles in the *Highlands* be auder than *Nuab* that or *Adum*; and King *Jemmy's* Famile was before them. *Jem* aw; an if he don't dee will be ater.

Mar. Now, Gentlemen, you've heard the King proclaim'd, And paid Obedience to your absent Lord. By us his First Commissioners and Friends,

We

We wish you to depart and go in Joy,
 Each Man remembering oft the happy Days
 That now are promis'd to this Glorious Land.
 To-Morrow we shall call ye to prepare,
 Your Warlike Equipage, and here command
 That ev'ry Citizen compleatly Arm
 As many Servants, Tenants, Vassals, Friends,
 As his Estate and Fortune will allow:
 For so our King ordains, whose Presence soon
 Will give new Life and Spirit to our Cause.
Ham. Fear nothing Countrymen, the just Reward
 Of Vertue is at hand, and we shall conquer;
 Only be resolute, and know your Leaders.

*Exeunt, Mar, Gordon, Hamilton,
 and the rest, the Mob Huzzaing.*

SCENE II. An Inn in Perth.

*Enter A Company of Highland Lads, and Lasses, in Blue
 Bonnets and Plads.*

Donnee. GUD, o' me Saul what be de strange coil at
 Perth-Toun here, Ise gang twanty Moil
 withouten shoun to know what the Deel they mean, ne
 e come an I tal at last; for whan I come to the Toun Gat, a
 of ony strange Mon, with a Gorment as rud as my Lady Don-
 he End albain's under Patticot, ask'd me gin I be fro Earl Mar,
 an I cry, Why Mon, Ise be fro aw th' Earls in Scotland,
 ur Na-an he cry'd gang thee fro a Bonny Lad, thou'rt Six Foot
 bel ken high, an so I gang'd to this House here, an know not
 n Nuab what to do, gin you don't inform me, *Jemmy.*
Jem. W'uns wou'd ye ha me the muckle Deel, to tal
 what I don't know, but as Ise gang along I heard a
 claim'd, Drum, row, row, row, an I neer hear it but ance be-
 fore at Edenbro-Toun, whan my Laird carry'd me to a
 ne English Show, and I ween'd it might be the same.

Peggy.

Peggy. Fie, fie, *Jemmy* Lad, ye wud gang, whan Ise tal ye it was a Drum, to caw the Lads for Soldiers and mak ye feeght, wae's me ! Gin ye had nea better ha tarry'd wuth *Peggy*, than run to be shot in the Brain o the Bally, or gin ye lose your awn twa Legs, ye mure gang abut on twa Wooden Stumps.

Jemmy. S'blead Lads, how ken ye that ?

Peggy. Vary weel, ken ye *Maister Hamilton* of *Glengard*, he's fourteenth Cousin to *Maister Hamilton* of *Castletoun*, wha's within Nine Kindrid of *Laird Hamilton* of *Dalnacoba*, wha's Fourth Cousin to *Colonel Hamilton* of *Tulliochi*, wha's i'th First Degree to *General Hamilton* that feeght i' *Flanders*, and this *Hamilton* of *Glengard* said to me ten Days ago, kus me *Peggy*, and Ise te thee News, so I kust him, and quo' he, *Earl Mar*, *Laird Huntley*, *Laird Tullibardin*, wuth monny maer, wold set up *King Jemmy*, and raise aw the *Highland-Clans* fro *Coptens* an *Cornols*, an *Drummers* an *Soldiers* to feeght fro *King Jemmy*, fro, quo' thay, he's a *Bonny Lord* an will be geud to *Scotland*.

Jon. What then wull they do wuth to'ther *King* that came fro abroad ? By my *Saul* I ween that the *Peupel* be aw full of *Wutchcraft*, an wud ha a *New King* te *Day* an another te *Morrow*, but the *Deel* tak their *Counsels* Ise ge a *Groat* to be out o' *Perth-Toun*, an gin Ise com here maer, the *Deel* stuff my *Weam* with *Hogs-Flesh*.

Peg. Mark ye now *Jemmy*, and folo geud *Counsels* gang out o'th *Toun*, and let the *Lairds* play ther *Tricks* by themselves, fro gin ye put yer hond intul the *Fier*, ye brun yer *Fingers*.

Jem. Haud yer *Tang*, fro gin I folo a *Woman's Counsel*, Ise be nea wiser than *Sauny* o'th *Dale*, wha hong'd himsel cause his *Wife* bad hem.

Peg. Gin ye gang wuth that ugly *Laird Mar*, ye bra the *Heart* o' yer poor *Peggy*. Ise as soon folo the *Wutch* of *Endor* tul the *Deel's House*, tul puck the *Bones* o

Me
George

Men that be hong'd, an feed o' old froz Lasses, that
 e fro Vexation, cause ne Mon gat 'em Bairns.

Jem. Spak as ye wul, I tal ye *Peggy*, that Ise gang
 uth the Clans, an draw my Dagger fro King *Jemmy*,
 and Earl *Mar*, I wot not what ye say of him, he was
 ce a grot Mon at Court, and Pen-man to Queen
 ne's Maguste, an gin he knaws not what he's about
 e Mon in aw Scotland knaws. Ise warrant ye his Head
 e as long as a Bag-Pudden, an as full o' Meat, and
 in something cum not out fro the good o' our Clans,
 an cut the Weason o' poor *Jemmy*.

Peg. Tarry a while *Jemmy*, an Ise gang bak tul
 Maister *Hamilton*, an knaw hou Maters stond, an gin
 e than gang, be it o' your own Head, fro Maister *Ha-*
ilton wal tal me tru.

Jem. Wae *Peggy*, Ise afrad ye ga' Maister *Hamilton*
 somewhat fro all this News; gin yer Maidenheed be saf
 etwixt yer twa Legs, Ise vary much mistaken, an than
 my Saul ye an I shal be twa Folks; ken ye *Jonnee*
 (turning to him) hou pal she looks, s'blead Mon she's
 ald her Bable, an is ne near Meat for *Jemmy*.

Peg. (Crying) Ye lee, ye lee, ye fou Loon, my Maiden-
 heed be as saf as when I came fro my Mother, an ye
 al slander poor *Peggy* ne near, yer Heart, an yer
 Gang be bath wucked an fals, ye ha o' Mind tul turn
 Rebel against King *Georgee*, an leave *Peggy* like a Lyar
 as ye are, so gang yer gat *Jemmy* tul Earl *Mar*, an the
 Deel, an thay twa wul lead ye tul Hell.

Jem. So wul I Lafs, and gang ye tul Maister *Hamilton*,
 an whan I cum back a grat Mon, Ise can pout and lout
 at thee, an ye shal nea ha me maer: gin ye wuld kufs
 ain Arse; so farwel, Huzza fro King *Jemmy* an Earl
Mar.

(Exit.

Jon. Now *Peggy* Lafs, luk o' *Jonnee* as yer Mon, an
 gee me yer Hond, fro Ise carry thee tul the Kirk, an
 mak thee my Wife, an wese liye in Peace, an love King
Georgee.

Peg.

Peg. Here Lad, tak my Hond an my Heart tulgether
fro Ise be thy Loving Wife, an we sal see geud Times
whan these fou Loons be hong'd or drown'd i'th *Firth*
an gin we be ne'er so poor, we wul ha the Comfort ta
keep our Honesty.

Jon. Weel away Lafs, ye ha' gat my Saul, Ise tal thee
an *English Proverb*,

Whuch now at *Perth* is planly understeud,
Ill be that Wind that blows to ne Mon geud.
The Rebel *Jemmy* now wul lose his Life,
But I, by his bad Bargain, gat a Wife. [Exeunt

A C T II. Scene

The Earl of *Mar's* Head Quarters at *Perth*

Enter *Hamilton*, Earl Marshal, Laird *Tullibardin*, and
General *Gordon*.

Hamilton. I Tell ye, my Lord, the Business of the War
Is not for such a weak, unballanc'd Head
As yours; the Soldier's Part belongs to Us,
Whose long Experience, gain'd in many a War,
Renders us apt and proper to Command.

E. Marsh. Tell me not, General, of the Trade of Arms,
Nor boast in blust'ring Words your great Exploits;
Each Man that has but Eyes and common Sense,
May see the proper season of Advantage,
And seize it if he dare: This offers now;
Our Force is num'rous, brave, well arm'd, and strong,
Stirling and *Edenbro'*, undefended, weak,
And if we dare Attempt 'em, both are Ours.
What! Have I drawn my Sword to play with it,
To mark out Circles in the Sand, or toss the Point,
With boyish Sport, against a Mud-built Wall?
No Sir; for other Purposes I came,
And thought you Soldiers wou'd have found me Work;
But I'm mistaken —.

Ham.

Ham. Tho' much, my Lord, I praise your loyal Zeal,
 Yet now it burns too fierce with needless Heat;
 We are not now to Fight; but to secure
 The Strength and Friends we have: If now we march,
 We hazard all our glorious Cause at once;
Sterling it self is strong, *Argyle* is there,
 I know him well, a Valiant, Watchful Chief,
 Quick he resolves, and steadily pursues,
 Nor leaves an idle Minute for the Foe.
 And as for *Edinbro'* it nought imports,
 Till we have *Sterling* gain'd. Besides our Backs
 Are press'd by *Sutherland*, with all his Clans;
 But let our Force increase, and we shall leave
 Sufficient Guard behind to check his Troops,
 And march secure to battle with *Argyle*.
E. M. What? Must we wait; and argue, how, and where,
 And reason all our Resolutions cool,
 Tell tedious Tales of Old Adventures o'er,
 And lose the present Minutes? While our Foes
 Gather new Strength, and drain the Countries round,
 And fill their crowded Camp by our Delay.
 What will our Master say, when he shall hear,
 A Noble Army stole a little Town,
 Then sat debating Victory away,
 About the Passage of a narrow *Frith*?
 By Heaven it shames me——Tell me, was it so,
 You Generals fought Abroad? Was *Flanders* won
 At such a Rate? Sure if you ever dar'd,
 A King and Crown should make you more than Men.
Gord. My Lord, You push this Chance Debate too far,
 Our Spirits are as bold and brave as yours,
 And we dare any Thing——
Earl-Mar. Now by our Sacred Monarch's Head,
 Ye dare not——Soldiers——it is Cowardice,
 Rank Cowardice——
Ham. Cowardice! My Lord—take heed——
Gord. Cowardice!

B

Tulli.

Tulli. Thus long, my Lord, I've blush'd in secret Shame,
To hear the heedless Rashness of your Tongue ;
But Words like Coward, I can bear no more.

E. Mar. What does it sting ye? Take your own Revenge.
(*Draws his Sword.*)

Gord. Yes, we are all prepar'd to meet your Arm.
(*They draw.*)

Enter Earl Mar.

Mar. Hah, Swords! What Madness now possesses ye,
Why Friends is this a Time for private Broils,
When *Scotland* and its Honour lies at Stake,
And we are lab'ring for the Fate of Nations?
This will sound Glorious to our *English* Foes,
And make a Scene of Mirth in *Sterling* Camp.
From what Foundation could this Quarrel spring?

Ham. That fiery Earl has only call'd us Cowards!
(*Pointing to Earl-Marshall*)

Because we scorn'd to learn the Rules of War,
Beneath his rash untemper'd Discipline.

Mar. You're much to blame, my Lord; but let it pass.
Sink your Resentments for the Publick Good.
Say not a Word of this to all our Friends:
I've better News, a Message from the King,
With fresh Assurances of strong Supplies.
Much he commends you for your ready Zeal,
And will reward you with distinguish'd Honours:
Mean Time to shew you what ye may expect,
He sent me *This* to wear. (*Showing a Garter*)

Omnes. We wish you Joy, my Lord.

Mar. Nay, no more, my Lord—The same Message brings
The Stile of Duke, so gracious is the Will
Of our Great Master! But this Season calls
For closer Consult: How we may deserve
The Royal Bounty that his Hand bestows;
And make some poor amends for all his Love.

This

This we must talk at large—Retire with me,
Gen'als should watch all Night —

(Exeunt Omnes)

S C E N E II. *A Feild in the Bailly-
ship of Kill-Drummie.*

Enter Jocke, with about Twenty of Lord Mar's Vassals
and one *Englisman* call'd Standfast.

Jocke. **Y**E Gentlemen of the Baillyship of Kill-
Drummie, ye can aw witness fro me that
Ise gang about fro House tul House, an cau ye aw by
yer Neams, an show ye my Laird's Latter, where he
mak's threat tul brun yer Housees, an mar aw yer Geuds,
gin ye gang nea tul him tul *Perth*, wath yer Horses an
yer Arms, ye kenn the Latter, where he swear by aw
that's Sacred hee'l du't, an ye know he's a Mon of his
Word, an keep his Oath wuth very grat Straitness;
he's nea in a Banter by my Sal, gin ye had bean bye
when he wreet, ye wold seen his Face furrow'd lik a dry
Cow-Turd, an his Eeyn as keen as an *Englisb* Bull-Dog,
an his Back as high as a Camels, so grat was his Wrath,
an now he be a Soldier it be tan Times bigger. So
Gentlemen I tal ye what ye mun expect gin ye nea gang,
an poor Jocke ha don aw he can fro my Laird.

1st. *Scots-man*. Jocke, what wul he do wuth us whan
we be ther, Ise nea gang, gin he'll nea mak me a Cop-
ten, fro Ise vary weel wher I am.

2d *Scots-man*. Ise be as wulling to far Laird Mar as
ony Mon i' aw Scotland, but the Deel has put a bad
Case at prasant, gin Ise nea gang, he'll brun my House,
an gin I de, I sal be hong'd fro a Traytor. Now Jocke
ye be vary grat wuth my Laird, an gin ye but sand him
a Latter, tul desire King *Georgee* tul gang heam to his
awn Country, then Gibby *Johnstoune* wul seeght as bonnily

fro Laird *Mar* an his new *King*, as any Lad o'th High-Lands.

Englishman. Ay ay, my Boy, you are in the Right of it, I wou'd not stir a Foot, if I was you, without a Certificate that *King George* had resign'd, and another to keep me harmless from any Statutes or Laws for raking up Arms, and no Body can give you that but *King George*: Why you an't such Fools to believe, that because you are my Lord *Mar*'s Tenants, you are to be kill'd, hang'd, or drown'd for him whenever he pleases; at that Rate, Friends, this same little Bundle of a Man, this Lord *Mar*, would be greater than the King himself, for the King can't oblige you to do any Thing without the Law.

1st. Scots-man. Sa ye sea Mon? Than it be in our awn Leeking gin we gan or nea; and Laird *Mar* fro aw his Honor lead the Peuple o' *Scotland* the muckle Deel's Dance. But gin he brun our Houses, Mon, an turn us aw out, fro we be his Tenants?

Eng. His Tenants, you are no more his Tenants, he is a Traytor, and has no Right nor Title to a Foot of Land, its all forfeited, and you have no more to do with him, than you have with the Czar of *Muscovy*. I tell ye honest Friends, this same Master of yours, that was, took the Oaths to *King George*, swore to defend him with all his Power; and now he has sworn to another King the same thing, and he would swear the Compass round to new Kings, if he could but get a little more Money, or Preferment. He has cunning enough indeed, and has seduc'd a great many People that don't know what they are doing, but he'll have the Curses of them and their Posterity for ever.

2d, Scot. S'blead Mon, let but the Kirk curse him, an that's enagh.

Eng. Ay, ay, but that signifies nothing now he has *Highlanders* and *Papists* about him.

3d. Scot. Papists! Waes me! They be de grat Rogues that

that cut aw our Weefons in our Sleep, an ligg with our Wives like Horses in the Feild, an knoc our Bearn down like Poultry:

Eng. They will do ten thousand times worse than that; they'll spit you and roast you like a Joint of Mutton, they'll stick Twenty of you together with Pitch, and set you a flaming like so many Beacons; in short, they'll bake you in Ovens, boil you in Cauldrons, broil you on Gridirons, and all in cold Blood, and say their Prayers, and thank God all the time.

1st. Scot. What bleady Rogues are these! Ise as sean budge tul the Meath of Hell, and kep company wuth Satan an the Hell-Sprites, as gang to Laird Mar, an the *Papists*.

2d. Ise ne gang *Jocke*,

3d. Nea I.

4th. Nea I.

5th. Nea I.

Jocke. So, so, this *English* Loon has freeghted 'em aw, *(Aside)* Wall, Gentlemen, Ise nea mo to sa, ye ken that tal ye aw, an now Ise wreet my Laird Word, that Ise on my Duty, an ye sa ye wold not obey him.

1st. Scot. Yea, *Jocke*, tal him sea.

Eng. Besides Friends, there is a new Act made by the King and Parliament, to encourage you in your Duty to the Government; and it says that those Vassals that continue faithful to King *George*, and do their Duty against the Rebels, shall have the Lands that they hold of any Rebel Master as their own for ever.

2d. Scot. A brave Oat a' my Sal, an Ise bear Arms fro King *Georgee*, an so wul aw of us.

Omnes: Aw, aw fro King *Georgee*.

1st. Scot. Nuw, *Jocke*, when you wreet to my Laird, and my Sarvice, an tal 'im he is a grat Rogue.

2d. A Villian fro me.

3d. A Rebel fro me.

4th. A Traytor fro me,

1st. Say!

1st. Sa too, *Jocke*, that whan he gang to the Gallow Tree for his ill Deads, Ise wol be ther, an wush him a geud Journey.

2d. Tal him, Ise bag a Piece of the Coord that he's tul swung in, tul kep his Lairdship in my Memory, gin it be ne aw fro-spoken.

Jocke. Wal, wal, Gentlemen, ye con nea blam me, ye kenn I am Laird *Mar's* Bailie, an I mun de as I'm bad; but I wul sand my Latter, an kep my sel out o' Danger, fro to tall Troth I ha ne mear Mind to be slay'd than ye, an so farewul. (Exit *Jocke*)

Eng. You see, honest North-Britons, for we are all one, tho' distinguish'd into South and North; how easy it is to be impos'd upon, if you don't give your selves time to enquire into the Bottom of Things; the want of Enquiry is the only Thing that has ensnar'd the poor Multitude to follow these desperate Courses, and when they find the Truth, this *Mar* will be left as naked as a broken Gamster when his Cheats are discover'd. And besides, you will have the Honour of saving your Country from the Hands of Rogues, and Cut-throats, and enjoy the Blessing of a Peaceable Government.

3d. *Scot*. Ise ween, bonny Lad, that ye be a reet Mon an we awe ye much Thank for yeer geud Counsel, an gin ye gang with aw us, we'll gee ye the best *Scotch-Ale* in *Kill-drummie*, an we'll grow bleeth an merry fro King *George*.

4th. *Scot*. Yea, let us gang quick about it.

Eng. With all my Heart, we can do no less than wish well to the Person who protects our Lives and Fortunes and if he calls upon us to assist him,

*We must all follow in Defence of Right,
And bravely for our injur'd Country fight;
For when just Princes rule by wholesome Laws,
The Monarch's ever, is the Peoples Cause.*

(Exeunt Omnes.)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Head Quarterts at *Perth*.

Enter *Mar*, *Hamilton*, *Earl-Marshal*, *Gordon*, &c.

Mar. WELL then; our Resolutions all stand fix'd,
To pass the *Frith*, and charge our Foes at once;
And break their Infant Forces in the Forming:
think this Conduct bears a prosp'rous Face.

Ham. Trust me, my Lord, it much avails in War,
To start the First, and rather give the Blow
Than wait it. Early Courage soon alarms
Our Friends; the slackest then will speed
To Honour's Goal, and hope an equal Prize.

E. Marsh. Besides, our Hopes are not confin'd alone,
To this our Native Soil, our good Allies,
That on the Borders wait for our Success,
Will catch new Life and Spirit as we move,
And by us learn to dare some glorious Deed,
To Rival *Scotland* in her first Exploit.

Hear you, my Lord, from *England*, what Designs
The Popish Lords and Forster have in View?

Mar. Their Letters seem to promise wondrous well:
They have engag'd some Gownsmen in the Cause,
On whose brisk Eloquence they much depend.

Ham. Those are the Men, the Leaders of the Herd:
Their sacred Character, and Holy Zeal,
Are fittest to advance our Glorious Work.

O! With what Pleasure have I seen the Crew,
Gaze on a Preacher, who with thundring Tone,
And vehemence of Gesture, and of Accent,
Has bellow'd out *Damnation*; to each Clause
Has tack'd *Damnation*, till the Ferment work'd
Out at their gushing Eyes, and ev'ry Hand

Stood

Stood ready to obey the Preacher's Voice?

Mar. 'Tis true, there is a wondrous Force in Sound
When right apply'd, and Men believe the Speaker,
Not from the Truth, but from the Dress He wears,
Who speaks it——

Ham. Ay, my good Lord, one Partyman in Black,
Is better than a Hundred cloath'd in Red:
O! There is Magick in that sober Colour,
That charms Mens Senses, and enchants their Reason,
To follow blindfold, as the Pastor leads.
There was a Soldier once, a brave One too,
Who found his Tongue more Pow'rful than his Arms:
He knew the Preaching Vein, and all its Use,
And took the Trade from the Professors Hands,
To make it serve the Purposes of War.

Mar. Poor Imitators have debas'd it since.

Ham. Or, I could Name a Layman fit as He,
And gifted equally for such a Work:
Who might do Wonders in the zealous Way,
And for the Lord of Hosts both Fight and Pray.

Mar. So, Gen'ral you're inclin'd to Mirth I see;
But have we none of these within our Camp,
To work our Soldiers, and to sound th' Alarm
Of Right, of Truth, and Conscience in their Ears.

Earl-Mar. None, but an idle Jesuit or two:
Fools that talk all they mean, and speak outright;
Besides, e'en Truth would be suspected there.

Mar. 'Tis Right, the surest Way to fire Mens Souls,
Is by soft Strokes, and seeming Hints remote,
To leave the Audience something still to guess;
Which they Will soon interpret for themselves,
And like it better so, than plainly told.

Ham. I said, your Lordship, understood the Art,
And would you but display it too——

Mar. Gen'ral, no more, since you have found the Means,
Apply the proper Engines to the Work.
Mean while, 'tis fit that we dispose our Host,

For

For our intended Passage, o'er the *Frith*:
My Lords, and Gentlemen, you'll soon receive
The necessary Orders for our March.
Now mind your Duty, give a good Account,
Of your first Action—Leave the rest to Fate.

Exeunt all but Hamilton.

Ham. By Heav'n! This *Earl* has got a Preaching Talent,
And is asham'd to show the Pious Gift:
Yet *Cromwel* did——A better Man than he.
O had I but some honest *English* Priest,
Some *Boanerges* of the Holy Train,

*I'd make him Thunder from the Holy Place,
And sweat with Drops of Non-resisting Grace:
Confirm from Scripture, Sacred James's Line,
And prove Infallible the Right Divine.*

Exit Hamilton.

ACT III.

Scene. A Mountainous Part of *Scotland*.

Enter *Wilson*, *Macklean*, Officers in *Mar's* Army,
and *Dicky* Servant.

Mac. **W**HERE in the Name of Wonder do you intend to lead me, *Wilson*? I don't know where this Wizard dwells; but I am sure I have taken as much Pains to go to this Servant of Satan, as would have carried me to his Master. A Pox of his Diabolical Highness, the Prince of the Air; a Man would think he fed his Vassals with no other Diet than thin Element, for I can't see what else the Wretches can meet with in this exalted Region.

Wil. Come, come, the Tediousness of our Journey will soon be recompenced by the News we shall hear.

C

Mar.

Mac. Why, Faith, I think the Fellow has chose a very convenient Place, for a Correspondence on both Sides; he is placed about the Middle, between Heaven and Hell.

Will. You must not turn the Matter to a Jest; there is more in these Things than you are aware of. It is a Gift that the Possessors don't know how they come by; but they really do see the Persons that are dead, in the very Form and Manner they expir'd in: They themselves will tell you, that they are not fond of the Second Sight, but are sometimes very uneasy at it; but they can't prevent it.

Mac. They have reason enough to be troubled at it for they have as many dismal Sightings as a Parish-Clerk or an Undertaker, without any Profit from the Funerals. So then this Son of Prophecy will purge his Optics, look us full in the Face, and tell us whither we shall be shot or knock'd o' the Head in the Battel, we are to be engag'd in; and we must pull off our Hats, thank him kindly for his good News, and leave him a Groat Peice to buy Oatmeal, by way of Legacy.

Wil. Well, I find there's no beating you out of your Humour; but if I was to tell you half the Stories I know of this Fellow, and how infallible his Predictions have been, I could easily have made a Convert of you.

Dicky. Yea, by my Sai, ye spak reet Maister, fro he ne kenn aw the Folk that be to Dee dauncing before his Eyn, *Dicky* be as grat a Lear as the muckle Deel. He spak to me ance, an say, *Dicky*, Ise kenn thine Gran nam *Moll Weeby*, withouten Shoon or Stockin, she be picking wool out o' th' Hedges in *Fife Close*; and she pit on her Heed in the Ditch, an dee: So Ise gang to *Fife Close*, an kenn her twa Legs, and her naked Arse in the Air, and her Heed in the Mudd; an Ise cry *Gran* but the Dee'l a bit she answer me; than I feel, an she be as Culd an as Deed as a Herring, that were three Day out o' Salt-water.

Will.

Wil. Ay, ay, *Dicky*, you say true, he is a wonderful Fellow: But prithee how far is it to his Habitation?

Dicky. Ye be close by the Place: Ise kenn him now creeping out o' his Cave, and cumming this Way.

Mac. So, I see him: Prithee *Wilson* do you accost him; for they say, if one speaks to the Devil First, he has no Power over one: Now you must know, I would take all the Care I could to give the Enemy no Second Advantage. Damn him, how he looks at me! I am to be shot, or hang'd, that's certain. *(Aside.*

Enter *Wizard*:

Wiz. Last Night the Moon look'd Pale, I slept but little, and some imperfect Shadows skimm'd before my Eyes: I saw, but did not well distinguish all their Forms. At One precisely, when I wak'd, I took my stand upon the Highest Point of all the Mountain, there I view'd the Moon again, Her Colour was quite alter'd, Thousands of bloody Drops stain'd her fair Light, and thro' the Air there seem'd to drop small Streams of Blood, they drizzled Southward. Some strange Events must be the Consequence—I will think a little.

Mac. Disturb him not yet, for we may loose our Labour by an unseasonable Interruption of his Thoughts—Stand of, the Vision's strong upon him.

Wiz. These are the first Presages, this Day will give me more distinct Views of all that's labouring in the Womb of Fate! To Day my Morning Slumber too will have its full Completion in the clearest Light: These Nightly Glances are often broken and disjointed; but they promise more perfect Images, and now the Time draws near.

Wil. Most worthy Sage, our Curiosity has led us to you, who can best satisfy us to learn what Turn this War will take, and what Persons you by the certain

Views of Second Sight, have seen predestin'd to fall as Sacrifices on this extraordinary Occasion.

Wiz. As I can't obstruct my Skill in Seeing; so neither would I my Kindness in divulging, if as yet I had beheld any Thing that I might call certain: But the Scene is Dark, and huddled in Obscurity.

Mac. So, So, I an't sure then, but that I may be kill'd without knowing of it beforehand. *(Aside.)*

Wiz. Ha! So, that is past.

Wil. What saw you, Sir?

Wiz. I saw a little shadowy Form arise,
Athwart its Breast a Mystic Emblem shone,
With a dim Glory, whose faint Lustre made
Disformity it self look more unpleasing,
And drew Contempt upon the Arms of Greatness.
Hypocrisy sat smiling on its Brow,
While Guilt a fair reflecting Mirrour held,
On which, when e'er the awkward Figure look'd,
It tore a Heap of Monuments and Acts,
That witness'd foul Corruption, broken Vows,
And endless Perjuries of Bankrupt Conscience;
Then threatn'd with a Truncheon in its Hand,
And turn'd behind to view a meager Host,
Of ragged Followers—

Mac. That must be He by Heav'n! It is the General without Doubt, the Description is exactly Right; but I must ask what becomes of him, or else I have took a deal of unnecessary Pains to hear an Account of a bad Picture, when I can see the Original every Day for nothing. Pray, Mr. Prophet, is that all you can see of him?

Wiz. What, again!

Wil. Had you another View, Sir? Tell us for on that our Hopes and Happiness depend: Let us know all that Fate designs; since we have tempted it, the worse is welcome.

Wiz.

all as *Wiz.* Again, I view'd the same ill-favour'd Shade,
array'd in Black, and with a down-cast Look,
o nei- Halter, round its Neck; and on its Breast,
I had Was writ in Characters full plain to view,
t the TRAYTOR: By his Side a shaven Priest,
ay be oft told his Beads, and whisper'd in its Ear.
Thousands of People gaz'd upon the Wretch,
Aside. pronouncing Curses on his guilty Soul,
for Husbands, Fathers, and for Brothers slain.

Mac. So, so, we are likely to have a fine Time of it,
our General is to be hang'd: I wonder what Preferment
his Officers are to come to. Pray, Sir, what is to be-
come of us? Are we to be drown'd like kittens, or shot
like mad Dogs, or only decently hang'd like our General.

Wil. Prithee let him alone, and don't trouble him
with thy impertinent Questions. Sir, we thank you, for
what you have reveal'd to us already; and should be
glad that you would be pleased to discover freely what-
ever other Visions you have while we stay.

Wiz. Hear then, I saw two armed Hosts engag'd,
and much on either Side of *Scottish* Blood,
pour'd on the Purple Plain, and ran in Streams,
from wounded Knights and Peers of high Renown.
But far above the Rest, my Eyes beheld,
a valiant Chief, who with unwearied Pace,
slew thro' the Host, and shot a watchful Glance,
Thro' ev'ry File, inspiring Martial Rage:
His Eye look'd Conquest, high his Banners wav'd,
inscrib'd with HONOUR, LIBERTY and GEORGE.
Where'er He turn'd, the Coward Foe retir'd,
And left his unavailing Arms behind:

Then Rout ensu'd, and many a League the Foe,
lay scattered o'er the Plain, and wounded fell,
By Hundreds: Still the valiant Chief pursu'd,
On Wings of Victory, and urg'd their Flight.

Mac. Very well, very well, good Master Wizard, you
have given us Prophecy enough to last us our life time,
Wiz. and

and so, Sir, there is your Fee (*giving Money*) which give just as a Patient does his to the Physician, who is complaisant as to tell him he'll certainly die.

Wil. The Devil take it, I wish we had not come to this Fellow, I have no Stomach to fighting after it, however he shan't know that. Sir, we are oblig'd to you and pray be pleas'd to accept this. (*gives Money*)

Wiz. I know you not, but I have told you Truth. You have my Skill, and now accept my Thanks. This Day some Brother Wizards of the Hills Meet to compare their Visions at my Cell; The Time draws nigh, — Adieu.

Exit Wizard

Wil. Prithee, Friend, what do you think of this Fellow and his Visions, their Appearances look but ill upon our Cause: I'd be content to renounce my Belief of Prophecy, and Second-sight, if I was but sure the Wizard was mistaken.

Mac. Mistaken! why I believe him no more than would a *French-Prophet*, or a strolling Gypsie, if Heaven trusts its Secrets to such Boobies, it keeps but a pitiful Correspondence.

*Come leave these idle Whimsies of the Brain,
Which Fools believe, and Rogues at pleasure feign,
When the loud Trumpet Martial Rage inspires,
And kindles in our Breast the Warriors Fires;
We shall forget his Second-sighted Eyes,
Or else convince the Madman that he lies.*

SCENE II. A Champain Country.

Enter Mar, Hamilton, Earl Marshal, &c.

Mar. We'll wait them here, and as our Foes approach Form well our Bodies, and dispose the Host In such fit Order as may promise best, Success and Conquest to our noble Cause.

Ham. I wish your Grace, if so your Wisdom thinks
Would

which let me, my Lord, our strong Battalia form,
who is Our scanty Squadrons at full length display,
And with Appearances beguile the Foe.

come to For since our Horse are weak, we must supply
after is by Stratagem and Art, the plain Defect,
d to you Our greatest Care and Fear on that depend.

Mar. Who talks of Fear in such a glorious Cause,
Truth And on a Day like this, when Honour calls,
And Loyalty inspires our generous Hearts
To a Forgetfulness of Fear or Fate :

Doubts and Suspicions should be Strangers now,
Toss'd to the Winds, or waisted to our Foes,
Wizards To breed Confusion in their dastard Souls ;
his Fe But we, whom Heav'n as by a special Care
t ill up Has chose to serve the Purpose of his Will,
Belief And free from Tyranny our native Land,
the Wi We should rejoyce and glory in our Work
As the Commissioners of Heav'n.

E. M. O my young Lord, thou warm'st my Soul indeed,
if Hea Thy Voice is Musick, and thy Words inspire,
ut a p Transport and Flame, and Eagerness of Heart,
That pants, and struggles to display its Worth,
And hates delay, that mocks its forward Hopes.
O! Were but half our *Scottish* Peers like thee,
Well might we promise to confirm our King,
And fix his Throne, in spite of *England's* Arms.

Ham. This Day, my Lord, will flesh your new-
(drawn Sword,

Nor doubt I happy Omens will attend
The first Atchievement of your Youthful Hand.

Enter one of Mar's Officers.

Officer. My Lords, an *English* Messenger's arriv'd
with Letters of Importance to the *General*.

Mar. Conduct him in ; now prosper gracious Heav'n
The

The first Adventures of our absent Friends,
 This News, my Lords, will spread an Air of Joy
 O'er all our Camp, and fill the Soldiers Heads
 With certain Hopes of Victory: 'Tis true,
 It matters not to Souls, resolv'd like ours;
 But slightest Accidents the Vulgar sway,
 Trifles themselves become of high import,
 When magnify'd by Fear, and Fools Belief.

Re-enter Officer with the Messenger.

Officer. That is the General, *(pointing to Mar)*
Mess. Lord General, this Packet is for you,
 Your Friends are now arriv'd in *Lancashire*,
 Joyn'd by the *Scottish* Succours which you sent;
 Their Views the Letters will inform at large.

Mar. 'Tis well, retire a while till we peruse
 These Papers; Captain, to your Charge I trust
 This worthy Man, and see him nobly serv'd,
 He soon shall have our Letters, and Reward.

Officer. Your Graces Orders shall be well obey'd.

[Exeunt Officer and Messenger]

Mar walking to the farther End of the Stage
reading and smiling.

Ham. The General's Face seems promising and gay,
 I never knew a Wise Man Smile for nothing;
 Perhaps our Friends have some Advantage gain'd,
 Some Fight, at least some Stratagem of War,
 Where Fortune turn'd the Ballance on our Side.
 So, General, you're too Cruel to your Friends,
 And like a Cormorant feed upon your Joy,
 Devouring all your self; your Fellow Soldiers here
 Have as keen Stomachs as your Grace, and hope
 To share their Portion in the common Feast.

Mar. I only smil'd at some of *Forster's* Words,
 He's wondrous witty on this *Garter* here,
 And says, if e'er our Master sends him one,

He'll

He'll never wear it but on Holydays,
With other Merriments, and careless Airs,
Flashes of Youthful Wit.

E. Mar. That Humour shows no Reason for Despair,
It is a sign that all is well at Heart,
When the Pen flows with Easiness and Wit.

Ham. But say their Letters nothing more, my Lord?

Mar. They say in City much they gather Strength,
The Country seems to favour their Design,
Nor is at all disgusted at the Force
We sent by *Mackintosh*; the Troops agree,
And are prepar'd and ready for the Foe.

Ham. We must disperse this Message thro' the Camp,
And cheer our Soldiers with the welcome News,
Nor would it in the present Case be wrong,
To strain the Point, and say we conquer'd too.

Mar. Let it be so, Gen'ral, be that your Care,
Nor yet forget to send out trusty Spies
To watch *Argyle*, his Forces must be near.

Now to his Business each — we'll meet again,
And try our Courage on this open Plain,
E're Noon, my Friends, we shall our Fortune know
Find or receive, or give the fatal Blow.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

SCENE A Plain between the two Armies.

Enter *Sauny* and *Harry*, peeping about on each Side of the Stage.

Sauny. SO, Ise speer abut as my Laird bud me, an
Ise ken the Duke's Army aw in the Muddle
o'th Plain; but by my Saul Ise nea care tul come near
them, fro gin Ise been cought, Ise be hong'd fro
D Laird

Laird *Mar*. Fro the *Scotch* Proverb say, gin they can't catch Geese, they'll catch Goozlings. S'blead Ise ken a Mon, what mun *Sauny* de now? I say that Ise be speering fro Herbs and Roots fro Maister *Johnstoun* the Potecary.

Harry, Ye Mon, where gang ye I trow, an what de ye haud your Heed down fro, gin ye nea bear up your Heed, an ken mine Face, Ise crack your Croun, Mon.

Sau. Ise be (*looking half up*) a poor simple Mon, an gang about the Heaths, an the Hills, an the Hedges to gat Roots fro Physick, an Ise feel them to Maister *Johnstoun*.

Har. Now, the Deel tak hold on thee, fro thou art a grat Lear, I ken thee weel, an thy Name be *Sauny Mealtub*.

Sau. S'blead *Harry*, is it ye; now by my Saul mine Heart leap to ken ye; fro Ise be muckle afraid ye be some Soldier, or Dragoon fro Duke of *Argyle's* Camp.

Har. So Ise be Mon, an Ise gang to this Place to ken how Laird *Mar's* Army stond, and to gat into his Secrets, an so Ise be made a Serjeant fro my reward.

Sau. Now this be geud Luck fro us both, *Harry*, fro Ise be sent from Laird *Mar* abut the same Mater, an gin ye tul me aw ye know, Ise tal thee, an so ye ha nea need to gang further, an we be both safe fro Danger of honging fro Spies.

Har. Wal, wal, Ise tak thy Counsel, an so now tal me aw the Business, an what they spak about ther new King.

Sau. Why, Laird *Mar* says, tul the Soldiers that he be cumming tul them, Day after Day; an they shak their Heeds an say he be a backward Bearn.

Har. Now our Peupel wush he would come, fro they say, they wul fight the batter when they ken an hundred thousand Pound *English* Mony may be theirs, gin they get him intul their Honds.

Sau. The

Sau. The Dee'l tak me gin Ise care what become of him, gin poor *Sauny* be but safe, an aw *Scotland* at Peace again.

Har. But *Sauny*, what be the Number o'th Clans that feeght on your Side, an how d'ye intend tul bring your Battle abut?

Sau. Mon, Ise tal thee, we have aw the Macks o'th Highlands, one Hundred Men of one Name, aw very big, an tall, but the Dee'l a Shirt or a Shune among aw the Company. Now pray, how are your Peupel?

Har. Why Mon, aw the Soldiers look like Gentlemen, their Garments are vary fine, an they ha geud Drink, an Meat, an Mony in their Pockets, an they say they wull feeght like Lyons, an ha nea Marcy on your Rogues, an Rebels.

Sau. How, *Harry*, gin they caw us Rogues an Rebels we match them by my Saul, fro we aw caw them sea; gin ye have a Mind tul learn bad Words, gang ye but tul Laird *Mar*, an General *Hamilton*, an gin ye don't learn, ye be a bad Scholar: Ise hear *Hamilton* pray backward twa Hours together, an aw against King *Georgee*.

Har. Wal, but *Sauny*, whan do ye design to feeght the Mater out?

Sau. Tul Day Mon; an gin ye be not ready, we shall beat ye by my Saul.

Har. Ho, *Sauny*, where the Dee'l drive ye now? Be not in sea muckle haste to be at us, fro the Duke of *Argyle* wull ge your Maisters a Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper aw together. Now, *Sauny*, Ise ge ye geud Advice, gin ye be not mad, ye wul gang wuth me tul the Duke's Camp.

Sau. How, *Harry*, what turn fause Loon, an leave my Maisters!

Har. Ye wul be a Fool I say, fro ye wul have a reeght sitting Sheriff, an Ise shall see you swing, as we say.

Sau. But wul ye, *Harry*, bring me to the Duke, an tal him that Ise be an honest Mon?

Har. Yea, yea, gang wuth me, an make aw the Discovery ye can to the Duke, an ye'll be taken into Favour, Ise assure you.

*Fro Spy in Camp's as geud a Trade,
As Pimp betwuxt a Mon an Maid;
Fro Feeght, or Fornicate, or not,
Ye're paid the Pence—and there's the Plot.*

Exeunt

SCENE Field of Battle.

The Armies drawn up on both Sides.

Enter *Mar, Earl Marshal, Hamilton, &c.*

Mar. I Need not, Friends, exhort you in a Cause,
Which uncompell'd, and by your Reason led,
Your Conscience too; you signally confess'd;
And gather'd to this Standard of our King,
As to your only Refuge from Despair,
To this the sacred Emblem of your Hopes,
The *Restoration*: Have you brought your Arms
And Hearts to make the lucky Omen sure.
I cannot think so meanly of you now,
As by Commands to force you on to War:
I know you'll act like Men, nor can suspect,
A Coward's Part from Hearts prepar'd like yours.

Ham. I cannot stay for tedious Speeches now:
You see, my fellow Soldiers, that these Peers,
With you partake the Danger of the Day,
Nor shall the meanest of you all toil more,
In Blows and Blood, than the most Noble Hands:
So, fight like Soldiers all, and follow me.

*They fight, Mar and his Army beaten of the
Stage. Enter an Officer of the Duke of Ar-
gyle's, with his Sword drawn.*

Off.

ne Dif-
Favour,

Exeunt

es.

se,
a led,

:

of the
of Ar-

Offi.

Offi. The Rout is now begun, I saw them fly,
It is a bloody Day: Our Soldiers fought
Like Men inspir'd, and our Commanders seem'd
To dart like saving Gods to ev'ry Place,
Transforming Courage to each joyful Breast:
The great Example of our Leaders fir'd,
Each common Hand to do some worthy Deed.
At once, I saw, two Rebel Barons fall,
A Third this Sword dispatch'd, the Traytors fell,
Heap upon Heap, such Fate find all the Foes,
Of righteous GEORGE, our just and lawful King!
Ha! What are these!

Enter *Mar* and *Hamilton*, Prisoners, with Guards.

Mar. Is it your Orders that we should be bound,
Shackl'd, and manacled like common Slaves;
What have you no Distinction for a Peer?

1. Guard. We hold it right to keep our Prisoners safe,
Of all Degrees, your Peerage we disown;
For Treason ever Taints the noblest Blood,
And were it pure as is the Chrystal Spring,
Whose Silver Stream is bless'd by ev'ry Swain;
'Tis basest Mire, and foul Corruption now,
A poison'd Lake, whose very Vapours kill.

Ham. What does the Peasant mock our Chains,
'Tis wondrous well; by Heav'n I would not live,
In such a paltry World, when once Degrees
Mong Men are lost, and Gold and Dirt are mix'd,
Honour and Baseness——

Offi. That was the Business, which your selves design'd;
For what could more debase fair Honours Head,
Than to corrupt the Fountain whence it Springs.
What was the End of all your Scoundrel Schemes,
But to dress up an Idol for a King:
To set a baseborn-Bastard on the Throne,
And make a Mock of real Majesty?

Mean

Mean Spirits sure, and form'd of vilest Clay,
That could sustain to bow, and bend the Knee,
To a poor Thing, far baser than your selves.

Mar. Sir, you have conquer'd, and may talk,
Had we—But I'll suppress the glorious Thought.

Ham. Now by the Gods! I will indulge the Scene,
In spite of Fate: Yes, Wretches, I will speak,
And Glory in the Mischief I design'd.

I would have chopp'd your Barons, Earls and Dukes,
Ripp'd out their Hearts, and toss'd them in the Air,
The Sport of Children; and your common Bands,
Should have been burnt, like trembling Beasts in Stalls,
Or ty'd on Strings, and butcher'd Side by Side.
More would I —

Off. Now Justice should exact the same on you;
But we abhor those Principles of Blood,
Taught in the fiery Nurseries of *Rome*.

We have a KING so gracious, mild and good,
That did you know but half his Royal Vertues;
No Foe, no Rebel, could forgive himself,
The very Thought of once offending him.

Alas, he grieves, you force him to revenge,
Your barbarous Insults on his Crown and Name.

Ham. Pray, Sir, what Time are we to die this Day,
I have no Business here, and fain would go,
To try some other Country yet unknown.

1. *Guard.* The Warrant ev'ry Minute we expect:
And see, the Messenger of Death is come,
Attended by some Grave, and Holy Men,
To fit your Souls for this so sudden Change.

Enter *Executioner* with *Halters*: And a *Scottish* Parson,
and two *Romish* Priests, and *Mob*: *Executioner* puts
on the *Halters*.

Mar. 'Tis well, good Holy Fathers nearer draw,
I would in Private whisper all my Crimes,
And crave the Pardon, you alone can give.

Scotch

Scotch Parson. Geud Maister, harkun not to the Whare
of Babylon, that wul deceive yer Saul, and sand yer
poor Bodie and yer Spirit intul the *Hall Pit*; but cleave
fast to the *Kirk* an Repant, an ye may hope fro Marcy.

Mar. Prithee, Fanatick, let me die in Peace,
My King, had he the Field of Battle won,
Vou'd have allow'd you all to chuse the Way
To Heav'n, that pleas'd you best.

Offi. We should indeed have died in our Religion,
Had he prevail'd, or chang'd it, not to die,
He would have brought the soft perswasive Arts
Of Holy Tortures, and convincing Racks;
These are the pious Arguments of *Rome*.

Rom. Priest. (to Mar) An Hundred Thousand Masses
for your Soul. —

2d. Priest. (Gives him a Wafer) Eat this, and you are
sav'd.

Offi. Alas, what is the Confidence of Priests,
That dares insure Salvation thus!
Shall Man anticipate the Thought of Heav'n,
And Saucily assume the Judgment Seat,
Pronouncing Joy and Sorrow at his Will
To all Eternity? Presumptuous *Rome*,
How wilt thou answer to the Righteous Judge
Thy self most Criminal, absolving Crimes,
Fooling thy Followers with pretended Pow'rs
And Gifts infallible?

Executioner. The time is come, Gentlemen, I hope
you'll forgive me, and make what haste you can to the
Gallows.

Ham. Lead on, — Good Father, I believe it all, my
Thoughts are busie, give the *Duke* the rest.

Priests on each Side Mar, whispering.

Mar. I thank you both,
Remember me, good Priests.

Both Priests. We will — *Ora Sancte Petre pro Anima*
Ducei de Mar. (going out.
Offi.

Scotch

Offi. They to the last will carry on the Farce;
Tho' much I pity their deluded Souls:
Their Fate may all a useful Lesson teach.

*From these Examples let our Country view,
What destin'd Fate is to REBELLION due:
Hence learn, that Heav'n it self with Earth unites,
And Providence against the TRAYTOR fights;
That Rome and Hell it self shall plot in vain,
When Kings like GEORGE, for Britain's Safety Reign.*

F I N I S.

PROLOGUE.

YOU, who so long have been the constant Guest
At splendid Entertainments, English Feasts;
Dye think you can your nicer Stomachs feed,
With a plain Meal from t'other Side the Tweed?
Why faith, methinks, you ought to like your Cheer,
For by the Distance—it should cost you dear;
Since by that Test you judge of other Things,
Why not of this? Which our new Author brings.

Here is Variety to please your Taste,
Scotch—English—Fighting—Hanging too at last:
Tall Highlanders—(ah Ladies!) Lusty Fellows,
'Tis pity Men like these—deserve the Gallows.
Had they but cast their Plads, and travell'd hither,
To taste the Softness of our milder Weather;

PROLOGUE.

*I mean without their Arms, and warlike Geer,
They might have found—a better Service here.*

*As for that Scandal of disfigur'd Nature,
Whom Providence took care to mark a Traytor;
That Mar, I know you'll all Rejoice to see,
That Villain perish by a just Decree:
How soft he swallow'd ev'ry Oath and Vow!
But Thanks to Hempseed—They have choak'd him now,
At least our Bard may that Conclusion draw:
You know, already, that he's Dead in Law.
But if you should dislike the Poet's Scenes,
And know not what his Scottish Business Means;
He has but one Request, if you find Fault,
Go pass the Tweed, and see it, as you ought.
Hear Jockey Talk, the Camps and Bartels View,
Then write a Farce—and He'll submit to you,*

EPI.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by the *Wizard*.

TIS strange, that Prophecy should be confin'd,
To us poor Mortals of the ragged Kind;
But We are fittest Vessels to receive
The Truths, which richer Rogues would ne'er believe,
For should you sparkling Beaus see Nymphs arise,
And walk in Winding-Sheets before your Eyes;
You'd ne'er confess you saw the Image plain,
But lay the Blame on Vapours—or Champaigne.
But we with sober Draughts of Gruel fed,
No wild Illusions of the Senses dread;
Without Surprise, the Spirits we descry,
See Fops in Duels, Sots in Taverns die;
View Parsons pining to the Grave with Spite,
And Widows dying in the dear Delight,
We see, as Madam's kind Prescriptions vary,
Old Husbands drinking Poison——Gallants Clary.
Here we see Halters for poor Villains wait,
And Blocks and Axes for your Rogues of State.
Had Traytor Mar been blest'd with Second Sight,
He ne'er had ventur'd with Argyle to fight;
Or dared to place his naked half starv'd Cuddens,
Against substantial Beef, and English Puddings;
And faith, I think without Prophetic View,
He might have seen the Fate——that would ensue.
What Force could He, or his poor Puppet-King,
Against true Loyalty and Honour bring;
Or how support the Baseness of his Cause,
When for just George, Victorious Argyle draws,
And Britains fight for Liberty and Laws?

and,

lieve,

}